

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME I.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1910

NUMBER 3



SUNDAY MORNING.

A Widening Circle.

"There go the Andersons in their new automobile," said Augusta, as they sat on the vine-shaded piazza. "I'm crazy for a ride in a real auto, and I've never even set foot in one. People are selfish, and I don't suppose Maude Anderson will ever think of inviting me."

"Well," said her friend Mattie, "I don't suppose they realize what a great treat it would be to you or me." She hesitated a moment, then continued, boldly, "Just as you don't realize what an immense pleasure it would be to mamma if you would invite her some time when you are going for a long drive. Of course, I've been with you lots of times, Gustie; but I've wanted often to ask you to let mamma have my place sometimes. She never has anything but trolley rides, you know."

"Why, I never thought of it," said Augusta, promptly. "Why didn't you ask me before? We've always had a horse, and have been so used to driving that I never thought it would be any special pleasure. Tell your mamma I'll call for her Thursday, and we will take the prettiest ride I can find—where trolley cars won't take one."

When Mattie told her mother of the invitation that evening, Mrs. Loring's face lightened up. "Indeed, I should like it very much, Mattie; but wouldn't Augusta enjoy it more if you went instead?"

"No, mamma, she really wants you this time. I'm not invited at all," laughed Mattie. She had not told her mother of the conversation that had led to the invitation, and that the first suggestion of the drive had come from Mattie herself.

"It has been a long time," said Mrs. Loring, "since I have had anything more than a car ride."

"Dade thin," said Mrs. Murphy, who had just brought back the laundry, and had stopped a few minutes, at Mrs. Loring's invitation, to rest and enjoy the cool glass of lemonade that was very refreshing after her long walk, "'tis meself would be glad to get a car ride now and thin—'way out to the parks wid me little Maggie; but it's precious few nickels I can be sparin' fer car rides this summer."

Mrs. Loring and Mattie gave a quick glance at each other, as the same thought dashed through their minds. Had they not neglected a very simple means of giving pleasure to others? They could well afford the money to give Mrs. Murphy and her ten-year-old Maggie a refreshing car ride at times.

"Mrs. Murphy, when I have my pleasant carriage drive next Thursday, I'd like to think that you and Maggie are having an outing, too. You take these dimes and

Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—
To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

If You Please.

"If you please," makes people willing to help you and serve you.

"If you please," makes people sweeter and happier.

"If you please," is the key which unlocks more doors of kindness in family life than all the cross and ordering words in the whole dictionary. See if it does not.—*Our Children.*

enjoy a good ride. It will give me real pleasure."

"Wasn't Mrs. Loring good to give us this lovely ride?" said Maggie to her mother, as, in the very front seat of an electric car, they rode out to one of the beautiful parks the next Thursday afternoon.

"Yis, indade," said Mrs. Murphy. "And 'tis meself was wishin' we cud a brought Biddy Ryan's little lame Timmie along wid us. How he would 'a' liked to see the green grass and the yaller buttercups."

Maggie puzzled over this for some time. She knew it cost money for car rides, and she knew her mother had none to spare. It was hard work sometimes to get enough to pay the landlord and to buy food. Before the ride was over she had solved the problem.

"Mamma, I think Mrs. McCarthy would lend me her baby carriage, and I could wheel Timmie over to the square, where he could see the fountain and the grass and the trees, and it would be nice and cool. He wouldn't be very heavy if he is 'most five. Can I do it, mother?"

"Yis, dear; an' it's a good thought, darlin'," responded Mrs. Murphy.

So the deed of kindness was "passed along." And each one found it was in her power to give pleasure to others—to share what seemed a simple thing to her, but meant much to others less fortunate than herself.—*Ida Kenniston, in the Circle.*

My Star.

A scrap of sky
Have I;
Great wealth it is to me,
Such glorious things
Therein I see.

The morning star
Comes from afar;
For me it shines so bright,
Brings me a heavenly light,
Sent from my Lord above,
That I may trust His love.

MARY OSGOOD.

For The Beacon.

King Blue and his Island.

BY MABEL SUSAN MERRILL.

Chapter III.

Alice peeped into the kettle.

"Potatoes!" she whispered. "Do fairies eat potatoes, Ken, when they come out of the trunks of the trees?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure they don't have telephones," cried Kenneth, pointing to a big tree behind them.

There was a telephone on the tree, snugly boxed up. Somebody had left the front of the box open, however, and they could see the receiver hanging in its place.

"If I knew the number of elfland, I'd call 'em up," said Kenneth. "I guess whoever lives here meant to be back to dinner."

"How can anybody live here?" argued Alice. "It's right outdoors. There can't be a house anywhere round, or they would have put the telephone and the stove in it. And where in the world do they sleep?"

"Hi, there's a barn!" cried Kenneth. "I never noticed it,—right down over that little hill. Come on!"

They went on a run, for a barn was a great discovery any time of day. Velvet-nose ran, too, uttering a coaxing little "Ma-a-a!" as if she were afraid they would get away

from her. The barn was a big one, very long and rather tumbled down, but there was good shelter for the sheep at one end. The other end was mostly taken up by a mow of hay. There was a ladder leaning against it, and they went up like squirrels; for who doesn't love a hay-mow? They tumbled over on the hay with a shout and then sat up to make another grand discovery. The mow did not reach quite across the end of the barn, and where the hay ended a floor of new boards had been laid, making a cosey corner of that side, a chamber, without walls, several feet above the barn floor. In this cosey corner was a bed, a nice clean bed with a gay patchwork quilt. There was a table, too, with a motherly looking work-basket on it, and there were a rocking-chair and a wooden elbow-chair. The cosey corner was all shut off by wire netting, either to keep out mosquitoes or the fat biddies who pecked about in the barn floor below.

"Oh, how happy I should be if I had such a lovely, lovely place to live!" sighed Alice, clasping her hands as she looked.

"They must be first-rate sort of folks," declared Kenneth. "Let's go out and see if they've come. The potatoes will be boiled to rags if they don't hurry."

No, they had not come, as the children found when they got back to the outdoor kitchen; and the potatoes were beginning to look so ragged that they decided to take them off and pour the water out to keep them from being spoiled. They set them on a shelf at the back of the stove where they would keep warm.

"I'm getting as hungry as a bear, Ken; let's sit down and eat our own luncheon, and perhaps by that time they'll be here," suggested Alice.

They camped comfortably under the telephone tree. Velvet-nose was charmed with this arrangement, and they had work enough to keep her velvet nose and even her little forefeet out of their tin boxes. She seemed not to care much for doughnuts rolled in sugar, but she was so pleased with some salt mother had wrapped up for the boiled eggs that she wanted to eat paper and all.

"We can't stay any longer," Alice said, when the luncheon was eaten and still there were no signs of "Robinson Crusoe and his wife," as she had decided to call them. "But we might write them a letter and tell them what a good time we have had."

So they found a piece of paper and wrote as nicely as they could, explaining at the end that they had taken off the potatoes "because they were done" and signing it, "Yours respectfully, Kenneth and Alice Field." Velvet-nose bit a little round piece out of the corner of the letter as her share in the fun, and they hung it on the telephone box with a stout string. Then they took to their heels and ran away as fast as they could while Velvet-nose was sniffing at the empty boxes, for they knew she would follow them if she saw them go.

That evening when they were at supper in their own home the telephone rang. Papa Field answered it, and a big voice asked for "Kenneth and Alice." It was Robinson Crusoe of Beauty Island, and this was his message:

"My wife was pretty pleased with your letter, and says she's much obliged to you for taking off the potatoes. And we both say that, if your folks are willing, we'd like to have you two young ones come and spend a long day with us as soon as you can fix it."

To be continued.

The Goldenrod.

This flower is fuller of the sun

Than any our pale North can show:
It has the heart of August won,
And scatters wide the warmth and glow
Kindled at summer's mid-noon blaze,
Where gentians of September bloom,
Along October's leaf-strewn ways,
And through November's paths of gloom.

Herald of autumn's reign, it sets

Gay bonfires blazing round the fields;
Rich autumn pays in gold its debts
For tenacity that summer yields.
Beauty's slow harvest now comes on;
And promise with fulfilment won;
The heart's vast hope does not begin,
Filled with ripe seeds of sweetness gone.

Because its myriad glimmering plumes

Like a great army's stir and wave;
Because in gold its billows bloom,
The poor man's barren walks to lave;
Because its sun-shaped blossoms show
How souls receive the light of God,
And unto earth give back that glow—
I thank Him for the goldenrod.

The Myrtle.

For The Beacon.

Hamilton, Bird of the Air.

BY "JAC" LOWELL.

"How old is the new flyer the boys are talking about?"

"Charles Hamilton, the fellow who flew from New York to Philadelphia and back?"

"Yes. Some of the papers call him 'the boy biplanist.'"

"Well, I suppose that's because he's only twenty-nine."

"Only twenty-nine? How long has he been trying to be a bird, I wonder?"

"I don't know just how long. Here comes Halton. Probably he can tell you."

Don and Edgar were reclining on the wide window-seat in the corner of the Weyburn Gym.

As Halton came hurrying up, they hailed him gayly.

"Say, Hal," called Don, "do you know anything about Charles K. Hamilton?"

Halton grinned. As trainer at the Weyburn Gym, he had plenty of chances to serve as information bureau. In these chances he found constant delight. He always grinned when one appeared.

"Do I know anything about Charlie Hamilton? Why should I?"

"Why shouldn't you?" said the boys. "Aren't you supposed to know all such things?"

"As long as you fellows say so, I take it. Well" (as he settled his muscular figure into a comfortable seat), "just what do you boys wish to know about this new 'bird of the air'?"

"How long he's been trying to fly, for one thing," said Don.

"Ever since he's been old enough to try to do much of anything," answered Halton. "Charlie Hamilton had flying ambitions when he was a mere child, living in Hartford, Conn."

"What did he try to fly with?" queried Edgar.

"With kites, my boy. He had the kite craze, like most other lads, and he made up his mind to play the kite game to the limit.

He wanted to make kites do things. He wanted to make them lift things, and he did."

"A dog or a cat, I s'pose," said Harry Day, who had just joined the group.

"No," said Halton, "he didn't play any cruel tricks with dogs and cats. He took chances himself."

"Do you mean that he made the kites lift him?"

"Yes, sir, that's just what I mean. But he wasn't satisfied with just being lifted off the ground. He wanted a higher, more exciting ride. So one day, when he was only ten, he astonished his boy friends by displaying a huge kite and announcing that he intended to take a ride on it."

"A real ride on a kite?" exclaimed the boys.

"Yes, indeed. This kite was large enough and strong enough to hold a boy, but the problem was how to get it started. Charlie tied himself to the kite, and then directed the crowd of boys to 'fly' him. It was a hard job for the boys, and a dangerous one for the fellow who was tied to the frame; but at last they got it started, the big sides caught the wind, and up went the kite, boy-burden and all, to the height of one hundred feet!"

"Do you think that's true?" asked Edgar, while the others indulged in breathless exclamations.

"I know it's true!" said Halton, slapping his knee. "And young Charlie did more than that. He kept at his kite studies and kite experiments until he had so completely mastered that style of 'flying' that one day he went up nearly a thousand feet above New York Harbor."

"Well, no wonder he likes airships!" exclaimed Don.

"No wonder at all," agreed Halton. "But, before he went in for airships, he had a strenuous time with balloons. Prof. Baldwin had just built his famous dirigible, and Hamilton at once forsook his kites and took up the newer and safer mode of air-travel."

"Did he make good at it?"

"Of course he did. He's the kind of a fellow who makes good at whatever he tries. In a little while he was master of the science of ballooning, and had become one of the most daring balloonists in the country."

"One day, when he was drifting high over the earth in a car called 'The California Arrow,' the gas-bag exploded. For a second he thought his air-riding days were over. But he didn't waste any time in despairing or in trying to repair the leak. He simply drove the remaining gas out of the balloon, shaped the bursted bag into something like a parachute, and calmly fluttered down to earth."

"It took lots of nerve to do that!" muttered Don.

"Yes, but it didn't exhaust Hamilton's supply," said Halton. "For the past year or more he has been doing all sorts of aeroplane stunts which require an unusual amount of nerve. He has been giving exhibitions on the Pacific Coast and in the South, going up to a great height and diving down at awful speed. People may have thought him nothing but a performer of wonderful tricks, but his cross-country flight on June 13 proved him to be a practical aviator of the first rank! I can't help thinking what a wonderful ride that was, and what an exciting one it must have been! Just think of it, boys! For a large part of



THREE MEMBERS OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY—HERRING.

the distance Hamilton kept his biplane directly above the express train which was pacing him. Thousands of people were cheering and waving, but on that train there were two persons more interested in Hamilton than all the rest,—his mother and his wife. They were so excited that they climbed out upon the tender of the shooting train and waved and signaled to the young fellow flying above their heads. How easy it would have been for him to have lost control and gone crashing down in the path of that fast express! But he did not lose an ounce of control. He waved back to his aged mother and young wife. The fact that they were there below him seemed to give him added confidence and power. He kept sailing on, covered the distance in surprising time, and won the prize!"

"Wonder if he thought of the days when he used to be playing with kites," said Edgar.

"I hardly think so. And, besides, he never was wholly 'playing.' He was playing and working, too. In my opinion there are three things which explain the success of Charles K. Hamilton. Here they are: He knew what he wanted to do, and set out to do it. He learned how to mix work and play together in such a way that the combination neither tires nor bores him. And this other thing,—he keeps in condition. He lives in such a sane and simple manner that all his powers serve him as nature intended!"

"Now you're beginning to preach!" said Don, winking slyly.

"So I am," laughed Halton, "but you Gym boys well know that my kind of preaching pays! Come on, it's time for your daily plunge!"

Abuse is the weak resource of cowardice.

COLTON.

The sound and proper exercise of the imagination may be made to contribute to the cultivation of all that is virtuous and estimable in the human character.

JOHN ABERCROMBIE,

October.

The air is crisp, the sky is blue,
The seeds and nuts are falling down,
The days are cool and shorter, too,
The ground is bare and dry and brown.
A gentle breeze sends down to me
Bright leaves that gold and crimson glow.
High up above my head I see
The wild birds to the southward go.
The squirrel gathers nuts to eat,
A caterpillar's spinning near,
The ripened fruit and golden wheat
All prove October days are here.

Selected.

Only Plucked Egrets are Sold.

The ornithologist will tell you that it is true that the white egret is grown and lasts only during breeding time, and that each egret in a hat means the death of a mother bird and the starvation of her young; but the average milliner will add: "These egrets that I have, however, are of a different sort. Most of them, you see, are not white, and the colored ones have been manufactured, not plucked."

That statement is simply a trade lie. That is all—a lie. The only egret used by milliners is the egret of the white heron, grown and gathered in the manner just described. If it is of any color save white, it has been dyed in deference to an unhappily increasing fashion. Heron's plumes are, it is true, often sold as "ospreys"; but this is a palpable joke, since the osprey of science is the plumeless fish hawk. Invention cannot imitate the egret, and "manufacture" is impossible.

Almost as much might be said—and said, of course, in vain—for the harbor gull. Priceless as we know these birds to be in their efficiency as seaside scavengers, their handsome white breast feathers have been made into millions of turbans, often with the head of their cousin, the tern, or sea swallow, perched on one side to lend "finish." The result was beautiful and you liked it, but it was beauty at a high price.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

For The Beacon.

Coins and Character.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

The most interesting piece of metal in all the world is the little, round, stamped bit of gold or silver or copper we call a coin. Do you know of anything more attractive than a bright new coin lying on the sunny path before you, to be yours for the picking up? Only one thing, perhaps, and that is the more precious coin of character that may also be yours.

There are two kinds of coins and characters. One is good and real: the other is bad and counterfeit. Some coins are good only on the outside. They pretend to be as good as gold, but they are as bad as brass. They are very shiny, but also very shallow in their goodness. Others are good right through, and are of equal value when they do not shine at all.

So, too, there are counterfeit coins of character. Some people are better in their manners than in their morals. They are not as good as they appear. But others are good through and through. They never try to deceive. Their characters are the real coins of genuine goodness. Don't be a counterfeit!

Now coins and character both have to be made. Coins are not merely little chunks of gold or silver. You might have a whole copper mine, and not have a single cent. The metal has to be melted and purified, and then put into a great press and the coins stamped out.

And character is made in just the same way. We must be purified by temptation, which is the fire that tests and brings out the good. Then we have to bear a heavy pressure of duty. We often wonder why our duties are so many and so heavy. But because of them and of their weight, we are forming slowly and surely the finished coin of character.

Not only is the coin pressed into shape, but an image is placed upon it. Generally it is the face of a king or ruler. The coin of character is stamped in the same way. The person who is truly good, and whose character is pure, has the image of God impressed upon his face. God and good are almost the same words, and the good look is the God-look. A good face is one upon which He has stamped His image.

The stamping raises the value of the metal. Fifty cents' worth of silver becomes a dollar, and a bit of copper becomes a cent. And with paper money the printing makes the paper worth many times its worth in gold. And so does the stamp of a good character give wonderfully greater value to a human life. A poor, drunken, worthless fellow lies in the ditch, money, sense, purity, all gone. But let him stand erect and purify himself, and have God's image placed upon him, and he is worth more than all the gold in the world.

The real value of a coin is not in the coin itself, but in what the coin will obtain. A bagful of gold coins on a desert island would be worthless. The coin in your pocket is of no use until it is given for something you can use. The coin must be spent. So must the coin of character. There is little use in being good, unless you are also good for something. A good character is of little value unless it is used in some useful way. Goodness is something to be spent for others.

A coin will enable you to get everything else. A silver dollar will buy twenty loaves of bread. And a good character will bring you all good things. It does not pay to be bad. A bad character, like a bad coin, will bring nothing but poverty and sadness.

Let us not forget how easy it is to lose both coins and character. Coins are often mislaid or stolen or dropped through a hole in one's pocket. And character is lost by carelessness and neglect. Evil companions may steal it, or it may be lost through some hole that meanness has made. So let us guard our character as we guard our treasure, for it is our truest treasure. Remember that we are made rich by the coin of money and the coin of character.

Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

BY ELEANOR SCOTT SHARPLES.

A dear little baby, all rosy and sweet,
With little pink fingers and little pink feet,
Sees mother's glad smile, and, without knowing why,

With eyes and with lips smiles a loving reply.
With laughing bright eyes and with pattering feet,

A wee child runs gayly his father to meet,
And to father's "Well, darling," he makes his reply

By arms hugging tight, though he could not tell why.

And, as he grows older, love still has a way
Of moving him strangely; the strength of its sway

Will lead him quite oft, though he hardly knows why,
Most difficult tasks very gladly to try.

And the bright, happy look that abides on his face

As love conquers self, ever grows and adds grace,

Till the man's very presence, we hardly know why,

Brings joy on life's journey to each passer-by.

The kingdom of God is a kingdom of love.
It begins here on earth when it lifts us above
The stress and the strain that oft comes when we try

To give up our own way; and would you know why

Some people seem happy, no matter what pain

Comes to darken their lot, this thought will explain:

True love is the motive of all that they try,
And love makes them happy, they hardly know why.

Kindergarten Review.

Yes, there are crowds of worshipers every Sunday in the churches of the world. But worship is not all. Under the vines and fig-trees of the world there are a thousand musing Nathanaels thinking of a higher life. But aspiration is not all. And in the activities of the week there are, thank God, a thousand thousand kindnesses between man and man. But kindness is not all. It is when worship, aspiration, and kindness are united, when Faith, Hope, and Love all inspire one life, that you see the firmness as well as the grace of Christian living. These three abide, and are eternal.

EDWARD E. HALE.

RECREATION CORNER.

WHITMAN, MASS.

Dear Sirs,—I have always taken the *Every Other Sunday*, and I liked it very much, but I think I shall like *The Beacon* much better because it comes every week. I go to church and Sunday school every Sunday. I also go to day school. I am in the eighth grade. I like my teacher very much. I like to work out the puzzles, especially the enigmas.

Very truly,

EDNA L. WEBB.

ENIGMA III.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 25, 18, 4, is an animal much petted.

My 20, 2, 22, 23, 5, holds an important office.

My 13, 16, 8, is an adverb.

My 10, 11, 19, 14, is the opposite of love.

My 9, 12, 17, are consonants.

My 1, 21, 6, 24, is a month.

My 15, 7, 17, 3, is a written acknowledgment of debt.

My *whole* is a familiar quotation.

MARGARET DUNBAR.

HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. Didn't Beth rush to rescue the baby?
2. The peasants of Oberammergau know how to preserve the Passion Play.

3. Did Miss Munro bind your skirt?

4. Let us go and see how Lucy is this morning.

5. Isn't Ruth awkward in her manners?

6. Their names are Hyde, Ewing, and Ervine.

K. L. W.

PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.

To one-eighth of Michigan add two-sixths of Nevada, two-eighths of Illinois, two-sixths of Oregon, and make the name of a President of the United States.

HENRY A. JENKS.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant. A falsehood. Part of a harness.
A slippery fish. A consonant.

M. A. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 1.

ENIGMA I.—Battle of Lexington.

CHARADE.—MASS.

SQUARE WORD.—T E N

E Y E

N E T

EYES RIGHT.—1. Tranquelize. 2. Crystalize. 3. Authorize. 4. Fertilize. 5. Sterilize. 6. Sympathize.

One of the puzzles in this issue was received as long ago as last January. We thank the author for her patience, and we hope other friends who sent us puzzles last winter will take courage from this incident.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a youth's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work and discount his chances for success."

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